

Silent Worker

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Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

HELEN KELLER.

THE November number of the *Annals* contains one of the most interesting articles that has appeared in print about that most interesting of persons, Miss Helen Keller. It is by Mr. Arthur Gilman, the principal of the renowned preparatory school at which Helen is studying with the expectation of entering Radcliffe College (Harvard Annex) in September, 1898. The paper deals with her work at "The Cambridge School" during the school year of 1886-97, and with her preliminary examinations last June.

Through the kindness of Mr. Gilman we are able to present in connection with this subject the accompanying very fine portrait of Miss Keller, taken at the time of her examinations, and protected by Mr. Gilman under the law of copyright.

On her entering school in the autumn of 1896, Mr. Gilman found that, as compared with hearing girls who come to his school, Helen excelled especially in English, needing nothing more than to study critically the books appointed by the college for examination the next year. In French she had made good progress, and could be fitted for college easily within the year. She had begun German and learned it more easily than she did anything else. She had made some progress in Latin, but as she had not been studying it for two years, it was not thought that she could prepare for the college in this study in a single year. In mathematics she was comparatively backward, not having finished arithmetic, nor begun algebra.

Miss Sullivan was, as she has always been, Helen's constant companion, but Mr. Gilman, in order to give her more immediate attention, undertook to master the finger alphabet, and soon became able to use it freely in communication with her.

It is especially interesting to learn that Helen's appreciation of what she read was keen and embraced all varieties of style. She "takes in" the light play of wit in Shakspeare's "As you Like It," and the stirring and lofty passages which abound in "Henry Fifth." Burke she enjoyed to the full. The meaning of the words, the character of the style, the force of the arguments, the characters of the persons spoken of, the political history of the times, she was eager to ask and to express her thoughts as to all.

Passing to Macaulay, the interest flagged. And the essay taken up was the one on Johnson, which surely is the perfection of literary chitchat. What was the reason?

Simply that Macaulay's style is so transparent, the subject is so free from difficulties, that Helen felt the want of something to call for exertion. One day Mr. Gilman stopped the direct study of the text and began to compare the styles of Burke and of Macaulay. At once the old interest returned. Here was something that called for thought, and her intellect, having hard work to do, rejoiced like a strong man to run a race.

Mr. Gilman gives a list of the words which in reading Burke he found that she did not fully understand. Here are some of them, and it ought to prevent any one from again using as an argument against the success of a particular teacher or

a particular method, the fact that even a bright pupil may be ignorant of the meaning of some word which should have been familiar. Fertile, ballast, radical, smattering, bias, excrescence, pounces, inheres, sterling, exquisite, overt.

Here, on the other hand, are some of the words that she had no difficulty with: inquisition, dragging, illation, mediately, biennially, acquiesces. We are reminded of the scholarly doctor in one of Charles Reade's novels, who, recovering from aphasia, can not remember the meaning of the word "pen-knife," but understands and gives

by the necessity of interpretation, but when each paper was finished within the time allowed, Mr. Gilman certified the fact over his signature, and the papers were sent in.

As the end of the year had come near, it was found that Miss Keller has not only prepared herself thoroughly well in English, French and German, but that she was ready in Latin also, although she had had only about half the time given to it that is usually required with normal pupils.

The result of the examination showed that her teachers were right in allowing her to take this study, for she passed in it, as she did in all she tried. In English and German she took honors.

Mr. Gilman uses this emphatic language in regard to her scholarship: "I think I may say that no candidate in Harvard or Radcliffe College was graded higher than Helen in English."

And as to her progress at school: "No man or woman has ever in my experience got ready for these examinations in so brief time."

And the article closes with these words, which in our judgment show as much insight as any essay on the psychology of the case that has been or could be written.

"How has it been accomplished? By a union of patience, determination and affection, with the foundation of an uncommon brain."



By kind permission of Notman Photo. Co.

MISS HELEN ADAMS KELLER,

June, 1897.

a clear explanation of "anemometer."

Mr. Gilman's estimate of Miss Keller's mind differs from others that we have read or heard, in that he considers her most marked trait to be its logical action. Apparently, he does not think her verbal memory extraordinary. Words that she fully understood after explanation in March and April she had forgotten in June. But, in the way of carrying verbatim in memory a long passage, with the least effort she has certainly given proof of extraordinary power.

When the time came for examination, the method was finally settled as follows. Mr. Gilman, being a member of the Harvard corporation, undertook to give Miss Keller the contents of the papers by the finger alphabet. She then wrote the work required on her typewriter. Due allowance of time was made for the delay caused

earliest ages; for mention is made of the deaf in the earliest records. But the laws of Moses, the ordinances of the Hindoos, the code of the Roman Emperor Justinian, and the theories of the scholars and divines of middle ages, who based their systems on the Greek philosopher Aristotle, all agreed in regarding the deaf as children. They were ordered to be protected and kindly cared for, but were considered incapable of education, and not to be trusted with property. A partial exception was made in the Roman laws in favor of those who were not born deaf, but had lost their hearing and could read and write. Probably this referred only to those who had become hard of hearing in advancing years, for the only deaf-mute of whom we find any particular mention in ancient history, is Quintus Pedius, a relative of the Emperor Augustus, who, though

FOR THE SILENT WORKER

A RETROSPECT OF THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF.

IN this article, which will be followed by others on the same subject in succeeding numbers of this paper, we give extracts from the pamphlet by the late Rev. Henry Winter Syle, bearing the title which heads this column, and prepared on the occasion of the centennial of the birth of Laurent Clerc, December 28th, 1885.

Mr. Syle refers to the fact that, except in a few scattered instances, no attempt was made to educate the deaf and dumb until the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the work was undertaken "almost simultaneously by a priest, the abbe Charles Michel de l'Epée, in Paris, and a soldier, Samuel Heinicke, in Dresden, followed in 1760 by Thomas Braidwood, a teacher of elocution in Edinburgh.

"Mankind must have been subject to the deprivation of hearing, in sufficient numbers to attract notice, in the earliest ages; for mention is made of the deaf in the earliest records. But the laws of Moses, the ordinances of the Hindoos, the code of the Roman Emperor Justinian, and the theories of the scholars and divines of middle ages, who based their systems on the Greek philosopher Aristotle, all agreed in regarding the deaf as children. They were ordered to be protected and kindly cared for, but were considered incapable of education, and not to be trusted with property. A partial exception was made in the Roman laws in favor of those who were not born deaf, but had lost their hearing and could read and write. Probably this referred only to those who had become hard of hearing in advancing years, for the only deaf-mute of whom we find any particular mention in ancient history, is Quintus Pedius, a relative of the Emperor Augustus, who, though

deaf from birth, became proficient in painting."

Mr. Syle speaks of the aptitude shown by many deaf persons for the arts of drawing, painting and sculpture.

"Juan Fernandez Navarrette, surnamed El Mudo (the mute), who flourished about 1575, was called 'the Titian of Spain,' and anecdotes are related of him, showing that the title was merited. Walter Geikie in Scotland and Albert Newsam, John Carlin and Harry Humphrey Moore in America, have become distinguished artists. The three last were all educated at the Philadelphia Institution. Well may their *Alma Mater* be proud of them."

Navarrette is, probably, a painter of the first class. De Amicis speaks of him as one of the leading painters of his time, after Titian, Velasquez, Murillo and Ribera. John Hay, in "Castilian Days" calls him "that marvelous deaf-mute." If Mr. Syle were living now, he would add the names of several American deaf-mutes to his list—notably the famous sculptor, Douglas Tilden, whose work has received official mention in the Paris Salon, and has been chosen for a public monument in the city of San Francisco.

"It is not till about the year 700 that we hear of a deaf-mute receiving instruction in words, the great means by which men interchange thoughts and by which the mind and the soul are expanded and developed. He was a poor boy whom the pious bishop of Hagulsdadt, (now Hexham) in the North of England, St. John of Beverly, taught to speak some words, and whom he trained in religion.

He was so much attached to his benefactor that on the latter's decease he grieved to death. So we are told by the Venerable Bede, one of the shining lights of the early English Church, and the translator of the Scripture into Anglo-Saxon, who died in 735."

Mr. Syle suggests that finger-spelling may have been used in the instruction of this pupil, for Bede wrote a book "On Speech by the Movement of the Fingers." Some of our readers may remember that the deaf of England made a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. John of Beverly, last year, and held appropriate services in his honor.

A SPORTSMAN'S RETROSPECT.

BY "BOB WHITE."

(A Former Pupil of the New Jersey School.)

"Call me early in the morning, call me early mother, dear,
If the alarm clock fails to ring, you must waken me, I fear;
For to-morrow 'll be the opening day, and I long to greet the morn
When the dogs are in the stubble, and the quail are in the corn."



in the morning.

I tucked myself snugly in bed, and in two minutes I was asleep. It might have been ten minutes, but it was actually six hours after, when I was unceremoniously yanked out of bed by my old friend, "Tom" who always accompanies me on my hunting trips.

After partaking of a good hot breakfast of buckwheat cakes and sausage, I went to the barn and let "Bob" out. "Bob" is the property of my friend, "Billie," and a finer specimen of the pointer is hard to find, and a true worker, too.

The crisp, frosty air was exhilarating, and Orion was fast disappearing in the southwest as we pushed on with hurried steps to Woolverton's new ground. Arriving here we found that we were not the first to arrive, as the bang, bang

that was constantly kept up told us that there were plenty of rabbits there.

"Tom" who has the eye of an eagle, was the first to bag his game, it being a rabbit. We passed straight through this piece of woodland, "Tom" bagging four to my three. After going through this place we came to a field covered with ragweed and stubble, and we were both sure of finding a covey of quail first here. The field was sloping, and half way down was a thick, wet swamp, and we were sure there ought to be a woodcock there. We gave the word of "Hie on" to Bob, to which he responded in grand style, making a complete circuit of the field. When near the swamp Bob made a wide cast, and throwing up his tail, began to "road;" then he stopped in his tracks, seeming to freeze there.

"Hey, Tom, he's got 'em," I yelled.

Tom came up all out of breath, and wanted to flush them right off, but I said there was plenty



of time. I prolonged the sport to admire such a beautiful picture as the surroundings made.

Bob sank slowly down on his haunches, his eyes staring, his mouth opening and closing, his flews flecked with foam. Would you destroy such a picture? The sun has now risen, shooting its rays across the stubble. The frost rime sparkles on the ragweed. The trees in the rear of us made a handsome background. Through these trees the historic Delaware could be seen sparkling in the sunlight.

"Ready, Harry?" says Tom.

"No, no; not yet," for our hearts beat high and our pulses swell at the grand picture before us. May its beauties be effaced from our memories, never.

We gave the word to Bob to flush, and whizz, bu-r-r, up from the stubble goes a bunch of brown balls with the velocity of cannon balls. Tom brought down two, while I bagged one and crippled another. From here we sauntered on,

starting a rabbit, which I promptly knocked over. We passed on through the swamp, and when near the edge, Bob was seen standing, as if turned to stone, on a dead point. Tom is some distance behind me, so I flush the birds—not quail, but a woodcock, as sure as you live. There was a brown streak through the brush, out over my head, and turning quickly I took a snap shot just as it was disappearing among the trees. I ordered Bob to fetch, and to my surprise he did. It was a beautiful specimen of the woodcock, beautiful in its fall plumage and scarcely a feather ruffled.

Why is it that the bagging of a woodcock fills the soul of a sportsman with such keen pleasure? I would rather shoot one fairly than shoot a dozen quail "sitting" on the ground, as some "game hogs" do.

As noon drew near we sat down by a creek to eat our lunch, and while doing so we were surprised to see Bob on a point about fifteen yards behind us. It was a magnificent sight. The sun was shining through the hazy Indian summer air, here and there a belated cricket chirping out its death song, and the crows steering southward on swift wings. The mysterious beauty of the picture seemed to have cast a spell upon us. Should we break it?

We flush the birds and each succeeded in bagging one. As the chilly mists were piling cloud upon cloud, and the day was fast waning, we sat down upon a stone wall and counted up our game.

"I have got ten rabbits and three quail," said Tom.

"Eight rabbits, three quail and a woodcock," said I, triumphantly. We then struck out for home, reaching there in time for supper, tired and hungry, but successful.

When I left Tom, he spelled on his fingers thus: "Come around to-morrow afternoon, we'll go again."

"Go again!" why we have been together afield and afloat time and time again, and this is only one of our pleasant trips.

"Good night, Tom."

"Same to you," was the reply, and we parted.

[Apropos of sport, we give this spirited cut by the well known deaf artist, Mr. C. J. LeClercq, to go with Mr. Harry Smith's interesting story of a day's shooting. It is true that we don't start out on horseback to shoot woodcock and quail, but the spirit of the true sportsman—the freedom of the open air and the enjoyment of the landscape is very well expressed both in the picture and in the story. The true sportsman goes out quite as much to enjoy the beauties of Nature and to get a healthful change from the work of office or of workshop, as he does for the sake of the game. And in shooting game he cares more to exercise his skill in finding his game and his accuracy in shooting than he does to secure a big bag. Mr. Smith's article shows that he has a true sportsman's feelings in all these respects. Mr. LeClercq's picture is eloquent of the exhilaration which the true sportsman feels when, shaking off dull care, he starts on a jolly, health-giving hunt.—ED WORKER.]

He Never Used Signs.

A correspondent, who is of the opinion that we are suffering from a severe attack of "oral system" fever, sends us the following as an illustration of the difficulties of orally taught deaf:—A young deaf man who had been educated on strict oral lines, got off a tram-car a few days back and stood on the other line of the rails. The conductor pointed in the direction of the coming car, but the deaf man remembering the parting warning of his teacher, "never under any circumstances to take notice of signs," called out, "What's up?" "Look out, there's a car coming," shouted the conductor. "What?" replied the deaf man. "T-H-E-R-E'S A C-A-R C-O-M-I-N-G," bawled the conductor. "What did you say?" At that moment the car came along and knocked the deaf man down, and as he picked himself up, rubbing his bruised limbs, he said to himself, "I wonder what that idiot kept me there talking about."—*British Deaf-Mute.*

The Garden

A FEW brief notes are all we can give to this department this month. The trees, like skilfully handled ships, at the approach of winter's storms, have sent down their swelling sails, and are prepared to stand the buffets of the evil weather under bare poles.

The chrysanthemums, even, have faded, and the cheeriest, pluckiest and brightest of our wild flowers has at last given up the fight for a while and has gone into winter quarters. What flower do I mean? Why, the dandelion, to be sure. How long do you think his winter vacation is? Only about fifteen weeks, on the average. In mild autumns you may often find its blossoms until well into December and the first dandelion of spring always appears before March is out.

We ought to be proud of this humble yet beautiful and useful fellow-citizen. The leaves in early spring make a very appetizing dish of "greens," and the root is prized for its tonic properties and its wholesome bitter is a welcome element in the taste of root beer.

But we must turn to our house plants for the sight of refreshing green and for the bright hues of flowers. One well established fact in regard to the winter bulbs, as hyacinths and tulips, I do not see stated in any of the floral magazines. This is it. These plants do better in pots having a hole for drainage in the bottom, but made of non-porous material. A tin can will do very well, but the Japanese make exquisite pots for the purpose, which, of themselves make beautiful window ornaments. Messrs. A. Blanc & Co., of Philadelphia, make a specialty of these goods, in connection with their business in flowers and especially in cacti.

On the other hand, most plants do better in the common cheap pots of unglazed earthen ware.

And one word of warning in regard to the "Sacred lily" which you, like every one else, have in your window. Keep it, until it is ready to bloom, in the coolest room you have—no matter if it is chilly, so long as it does not freeze and does get sunlight. All the narcissi, of which this is one, are apt to blast in heat.

And, by the way, you can get equally fine bloom from many other and cheaper bulbs of this family by treating them as you do the Chinese variety.

AN AMATEUR.

TO THE MEMORY OF FRANCIS GREEN.

ON the 10th of the present month a tablet was dedicated in the Horace Mann School for the Deaf in Boston, to the memory of Francis Green, the first American to call attention to the need of educating the deaf.

The tablet was presented by the Parents' Association for the Education of Deaf Children, of that city. Dr. A. Graham Bell delivered a scholarly and most interesting address, which we hope to have in hand before the next issue of the SILENT WORKER.

Francis Green was born in Boston in 1742, and was graduated from Harvard College. When a young man he entered the British army, and when the Revolution broke out he held himself bound by his military oath and so took the part of the British. After the war he was, we believe, like many other loyalists, or tories, obliged to leave the country and go to Nova Scotia.

He had a deaf child who was educated abroad and who learned to speak. Mr. Green labored hard to persuade his countrymen that all children thus afflicted should be taught in schools adapted to their needs. We gather from the meagre report we have seen of Dr. Bell's address, that Mr. Green, after his return to his native state at some time after the close of the Revolution, had a school for the deaf opened at Medford where he then lived. If this is so, he, and not Col. Bolling of Virginia, is entitled to the credit of having begun the work of educating the deaf of America. However this may be, Mr. Green was certainly the author of a little book of striking merit entitled "Vox Oculis Subjecta," "The Voice Exposed to Sight," in which he gives a clear and rational explanation of the way of teaching speech to the deaf. It is a much more intelligent piece of work than some later attempts by would-be experts in the same direction.

A curious and interesting fact stated by Dr. Bell in this address is that in the seventeenth century, a minister in Massachusetts made a successful attempt to teach speech to a deaf child, but was brought up for censure and perhaps might have been in danger of something more serious, on the ground that he was defying Divine Providence which had decreed that this child should be dumb. This is quite in a line with what we believe is on record, that a body of clergymen protested against the use of chloroform, when it was first discovered,

on the ground that it was in defiance of the penalty imposed on the mother of mankind at the time of Adam's fall.

Mr. Currier of the New York school was, so far as we have heard, the only Principal of another school for the deaf who was present, but a congratulatory telegram was sent from the New Jersey school at least, and we presume that many others than those who were on the spot thought of the occasion and were in sympathy with the movement to honor this pioneer in our work.



ALL SAINTS' DAY

It lingers with rare kindliness
By some grave in its loneliness,
That only the wild daisies find,
Or rampant vines so rudely bind—
As if to reach the Saint's low bed
And gird with aureole his head.

The chamber whence the sufferer
Goes soon into his sepulchre
May greet the coming of this day
Adown that bright celestial way,
To tell as if from Seraphim
What glory is awaiting him.

Not one hoar ritual alone
Need the pure feast of All-Saints own,
'Tis a foretaste of that above
Spread by His all-embracing love
For guests, whate'er their sect or creed,
Who are His followers indeed.

November,—coming when the leaves
From trees and vines along the eaves
Falling, reveal a neighborhood
Wider than their dense umbrage could,—
Blesses with broader charity
This day of Saintly memory.

—W. E. B., in Independent.

THE KINETOSCOPE.

Review of the "Passing Show;" Animated Word Pictures and other Subjects.

EDITED BY ALEXANDER L. PACH.

YOU don't have to drop a nickel in the slot to see the pictures. This department is going to be a continuous performance and all subscribers to the SILENT WORKER hold free passes that admit them to every exhibition of the pictures.

Gallaudet Day is fast approaching and at the present time it seems that Boston is the only city where a befitting celebration is to be held.

In New York, for sometime past, the Manhattan

tions, who had been a regular attendant of St. Ann's, and had even been married by the esteemed Rector, was not eligible?

Here is the reason.

Some self-appointed guardian of the red-taped restrictions walked over to where the candidate was sitting, and in signs that attracted the attention of all, asked:

"Have you been baptized?"

The person addressed hung his head in shame. He hadn't. His wife had, his children had, but somehow or other he hadn't.

Was he intelligent?

Yes!

Capable?

Yes!

Honest?

Yes!

Respectable?

and a dictator but he has feathered his own nest nicely. Such men are "in politics" for what they can get out of politics. The patriots, pure and simple, are in the minority.

"Dick" and "Tom" have their prototypes in our deaf world, though there are any number of patriots. The way the deaf figured in the last campaign calls for a radical reform in future.

Neither the *Journal* nor the *Register* will give space to advance notices of meetings of this kind, and they are justified in their stand.

"Politics makes strange bed-fellows," is a trite saying and the truth of the "saw" was never more apparent than in the past campaign.

At such times the various "headquarters" are besieged with eager, earnest people willing to offer their services, and if necessary, to be sacrifices on the political altar.

Thousands of dollars, a literal corruption fund,



THE LONDON DEAF AND DUMB FOOTBALL TEAM.

Literary Association has celebrated the day with a dinner, and this year a reception takes its place, after which refreshments will be served. Let us hope it won't degenerate into an all-talk affair.

The Guild of Silent Workers, or rather what there is left of this one-time strong organization, may have something on the "popular" order. The Guild started out strong but has lost much of its prestige because of its narrowness.

Its objects were of the most commendable nature. It drew to its ranks the deaf of all creeds and of no creed. Projects for its benefit were assisted by Protestants, Roman Catholics, Hebrews and Liberal Thinkers.

Though nominally an adjunct of St. Ann's, it was really a separate and distinct organization.

After a time its restrictions caused a decided cooling of ardor. At one of its recent elections, a worker long identified with it was mentioned for secretary. When nominations were in order his name was proposed, and then some one suggested that he wasn't eligible because he —

Now why do you suppose an earnest worker in the cause, one who never missed one of its func-

Yes!

But that fatal flaw!

A church organization naturally has certain tenets and laws that must be lived up to. No one can question the right. But this organization of deaf people created to help their less fortunate fellow deaf, the sick, the poor and the needy, as a natural result of narrowness is but a shadow of its former self.

At one of its recent entertainments a prominent member electrified the assemblage by appearing among them coatless. At the next, Dr. Gallaudet's lecture, he occupied two chairs, the extra one being used to rest his weary pedal extremities. I suppose the fact that he has been baptized atones for the little eccentricities.

Lets select another film.

A political subject this time.

To view our great political leaders, one does not gather a very inspirative view. As a general thing the "leader," whether he be "Dick" Croker or "Tom" Platt, is a man who is not only a boss,

is in one man's hands. This money came from office-holders, and office-holders to-be. Squeezed from the one as a means of holding office in the future, wrung from the other as a contribution, but literally, purchase money.

Corruption, you see, all through!

Now there are white people and black people, and people from all classes, nationalities and creeds, and deaf people, as a matter of course, who present their claims and tell what hundreds of votes they can "influence" if the Chairman will appropriate a few hundred dollars for campaign work among them.

Sometimes the Chairman "sees," and sometimes he don't.

A few years ago, a certain political organization turned over between \$1600 and \$2000 to one deaf-mute to be used in the campaign. I believe fully five hundred of this was spent for fares, rentals, etc. The rest went to the man who engineered the campaign, as compensation for his oratory and general activity, and he treated himself less generously than "Tom" or "Dick" would.

In more recent years, committees have been more



ROYAL DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION FOOTBALL CLUB, BIRMINGHAM.

prudent. The political hustler has become better known and more distrusted.

But there is still a little money to be had, for there was a "Tracy" meeting; a "Van Wyck" meeting and a "Low" meeting, held by and for the Deaf. These cost something and I don't know of any patriots in the ranks of New York's deaf who pay for these things out of their own pockets.

The meetings of the Democratic and Republican factions, I attended. The *modus operandi* is to get a free hall somewhere on the East side, send out postals and announce:

"REFRESHMENTS FOLLOW THE MEETING."

This does the business. About sixty attend. There are fifteen prominent and respected deaf-mutes present, four or five of whom address the meeting and help along the cause. Then there are fifteen more who are respected but not prominent, fifteen more who are prominent but not respected, and still another fifteen deaf-mutes who are neither prominent nor respected.

Out of the first fifteen speakers are chosen, the second fifteen are respectful, attentive and quiet. The third fifteen try to break up the meeting by interruptions and insulting remarks. The last fifteen have come for the "refreshments," which consists invariably of a keg of beer, placed on tap, in an adjacent room when the meeting is about two-thirds over. This squad is made up of the "rag-tag and bob-tail element," the deaf-mutes who have done time, who drink, carouse, fight and, sometimes, steal. They sneak out to the keg and drain it so dry and so effectually keep others away that, so far as they are concerned, the meeting is a glorious success.

I almost forgot to speak of the other "refreshments," which is, invariably, segars.

Perfectos!

They are called perfectos because of the perfection they attain in imitating segars in shape, color and appearance.

The "wrapper" is grown on Barren Island, the "binder" on Hart's Island and the "filler" is grown on the banks of Newtown Creek.

I hope I may be forgiven for having helped distribute some of these at one of the meetings, but I carefully refrained from giving any to any of my friends, except one who is editor of the "Silent Steed" column of one of our popular papers. I induced him to smoke it by telling him it was an "L. A. W." cigar, and he thought it was fine, but he is a victim of the cigarette habit and knows as little about cigars as he does about bicycles, besides I don't tell him that "L. A. W." in this case meant "Limburger and Wax" cigar.

Two or three newspapers send representatives to these meetings and if they do write anything about it, either go to their office and, after carefully destroying all the notes they took, write an idiotic story full of untruths, or distort the facts. Again some foolish interpreter tells them one of

a dozen meanings of what the speaker says in signs and the reporter prints it making the speaker out a simpleton.

Such a speech is interesting because of the flexibility of meaning of a series of signs in an address.

The speaker's signs mean:	The interpreter "interprets:"
"With our own eyes we view the situation."	"We have eyes."
"Altogether, we make up a strong aggregation."	"Us all very strong."
"We must not be afraid to vote as our conscience dictates."	"We not afraid to think."
"We should be glad to exercise our rights as freemen."	"We are very happy because we are free."
"Stick by your party if you think your party is in the right."	"Stay with your party and you will be all right."
"Vote thoughtfully, honestly and intelligently."	"Vote, think, smart."
"Do not let any one swerve you from the right path."	"You must not let any one tempt you or push you off the road."

It seems to me, that so long as there is such a fascination in politics for so many of us, that in future these affairs should be conducted without regard for the two elements that have predominated in the past—"booze and boodle", as they are called.

In the next campaign, let the several parties call meetings, nominate campaign committees that have a *real* constituency, and the big party bosses will recognize them and furnish the "sinews" for an intelligent campaign, mass meetings, etc. *Let these committees keep accurate accounts of their expenses, and publish them at the close of the campaign.* Then, even though the big bosses and their organizations may be corrupt, the deaf may mingle in politics without being defiled.

This is the only way to render political work among the deaf, and the political workers themselves, like Caesar's wife—above suspicion.

ALEX. L. PACH.



MANCHESTER DEAF FOOTBALL TEAM.

Written for the SILENT WORKER.

Racycling Through Staten Island.

OCTOBER and November are the best months in the year for cycle-riding. Not only is the atmosphere at this season particularly adapted for out-of-doors exercise, but the roads are at their best, and riders of all classes are in their best physical and mental condition for the proper enjoyment of the sport, while Mother Nature is in her kindest mood.

If perchance some luckless wight failed to get the mount he ordered in the busy season, let him not despair nor wait for the future spring. He may get no better wheel in 1898 than he can purchase now. But don't put your pennies into a cheap, bargain-counter bicycle—your dollars will take care of the bicycle repair-man.

Write to the Miami Cycle Co., Middletown, Ohio, for a catalogue and select carefully the proper height of frame and gear, etc., and when the spring comes, like the wise maids of old, go forth when the spring breezes call, while the foolish are waiting.

Moreover, by pursuing such a course, the joys of a jaunt in the early fall are yours. You may fill your lungs with air as sweet and inspiring as nectar and ambrosia; you may see sights compared to which the coloring of Raphael are but hollow shams; you may put life into your blood and strength into your muscles, and you will make yourself as a god, having the power to annihilate space. There is just enough exertion in propelling a bicycle to send the warm blood pulsing through the veins and Father Frost is by no means unkind to those who dare his might. By all means, order your Racycle now and ride out to the hills to see Mother Nature in her autumn dress of many colors. You will not regret the purchase.

There is nothing monotonous



about Staten Island. Do you like sandy beaches? You will find them there, with a modest little surf breaking on the shore under favorable winds. Do you admire thickly wooded hills, with old, time-worn and moss-covered boulders? They are to be found a mile or two from the shore. Are you an enthusiast over old, picturesque, historical houses? Staten Island is rich in them. Do you care only for fine roads? They abound on Staten Island. Are you lazy in your riding? There are places along the narrows where you can spend a day in one spot with your pipe and something to read without being bored, and every time you look out upon the water a hundred feet below, your eye is delighted with a new picture.

A schooner, with all sails set, comes majestically up from the Lower Bay; an ocean greyhound follows, hovering for a few minutes at Quarantine almost at your feet. Small sails and steam yachts are constantly coming and going. Further up the Bay, almost where you landed from the ferry, several of the White Squadron ride at anchor, with busy little launches plying back and forth between them and the shore.

You are, indeed, an oddity, if not familiar with the perfect roads and charming views of land and sea to be found on the near by and historic Staten

Island. The five-mile sail down the Bay is a pleasant feature of a trip to the island. You are fortunate, indeed, if you capture a camp-chair, in the rush to the boat, and in comfort enjoy the breeze and the rapidly changing pictures as the boat swings out into the river and points for the Bay. To the left is the antiquated Castle William. Then comes the more modern Statue of Liberty. Clustered below the statue are vessels from every portion of the globe, dirty-looking schooners, trim and handsome clipper ships and dingy tramp steamers lying so low in the water and so frail that one wonders how they can weather a really severe storm. The sail is so interesting that before you know it you passed Robbins Reef light and the high, green hills of Staten Island are before you.

Landing at St. George there is a choice of routes. Taking the road to the left, a slight climb then take the right fork bringing you to the Richmond Terrace Road; alas! a trolley line takes up most of the road. After a few minutes' riding past old hotels, which long since saw their prime, and a few old Colonial houses, Sailors' Snug Harbor is reached—the most interesting



feature of the North Shore Road.

Lucky is the sailor to day who thinks he is slightly incapacitated for work, and can prove that he has sailed under the American flag for five years or more! He can spend the balance of his life at ease, free to come and go at will.

Riding along this fine road one catches frequent glimpses of Kill von Kull and the opposite shore, provided the wind is not blowing the dense smoke from Constable Hook in his direction.

At Port Richmond a ferry connects its island with Bergen Point and the far famed Hudson County Boulevard. If you intend to be thorough in your investigations you retrace your way to the starting point—St. George. Passing below the new Hotel Castleton, you gradually climb slight rises until a beautiful view of the Bay and the narrows delights you. At Tompkinsville you fly down a steep hill and at the bottom turn right and left, with your wheel under perfect control. Through carelessness in this particular a cyclist was killed last summer.

Following the shore, you pass through Stapleton. The Marine Hospital, surrounded by an extensive lawn and magnificent trees, looms up a short distance past the station. Keep on along the shore road, you will pass through Clef-ton and Rosebank and turning to the left, enter the gates of Fort Wadsworth. If you have a camera with you, the sentry will politely request it to be left in his charge, as for obvious reasons Uncle Sam does not wish photographs taken of his means of defence. This fort is well worth visiting, if only on account of the grand view of the Narrows from the promenade on top of the earthworks.

Returning to the gate and reclaiming your camera, you can ride back by the same road to the Marine Hospital and follow the macadam road on your left going up a slight hill, which is Vanderbilt avenue; and about a mile you will strike the Richmond Road.

From here to Tottenville there is no mistaking the route, for at doubtful cross-roads the welcome sign-boards give you mute but pointed directions.

Every mile is interesting, with charming scenery, picturesque old house and a road so smooth that your entire attention may be given to the passing landscape. There is small need of discomfort from thirst or hunger, as there is an abundance of inns on this old road. Some of them are quaint and weather-beaten, their sleepy old bonifaces attending your demands in a perfunctory fashion. Tottenville is at the end of the road and the most southerly point of New York State. A ferry plies between here and Perth Amboy, where good roads lead to Trenton, Philadelphia and Washington and to northern New Jersey towns. In Staten Island Sound at this point, is the "ship's grave yard"—old ghostly looking hulks, in all stages of ruin and dismantledness give a most forlorn aspect to their immediate neighborhood and very fruitful subject for the camera.

If you have taken your time in the ride to Tottenville, and find yourself in a hurry to New York, the railroad will give you and your wheel good care.

CHAS. J. LECLERCO.

For Winter Wear.

A useful and convenient article for the wear of bicyclers has been got up by a manufacturing concern. It consists of a neck like that of a sweater, with a pad to come down over the chest, and is made of knitted cloth like a jersey. It fastens around the neck by stud and eyelet fasteners. An equally good one can be made at home, of odd pieces of flannel or cloth with a warm lining. It protects the neck and chest which are the parts most exposed to the cold, and will often prevent the wearer from taking a cold in raw weather.

The Germans evidently have special consideration for the Deaf. The customs officials recently allowed M. Paul George (deaf French cyclist) to pass the frontier without examination!—*British Deaf Monthly*.

SILENT SONGS.

BY LOUIS P. W. PALMITER.

Ever through my soul is ringing,
Like some half forgotten rhyme,
Silent songs of tuneful measure,
And my heart is beating time—

Strains of music, sweet and tender,
When I'm lonely, sick and sad,
And like songs of rippling waters,
When my heart is light and glad.

I may seek the halls of pleasure,
Mingle with the happy throng,
Still, in pangs of the drama,
Ever comes that silent song—

And those voiceless chords are ringing,
Though I smile or though I sweep,
Floating round my wakeful pillow,
When the world is wrapped in sleep.

Strange, persistent, ever changing,
Are these voiceless songs of mine,
Seeming, in their haunting cadence,
Half of earth, and half divine.

But I know that, "over yonder,"
When I walk the shining shore,
That these songs, now strangely silent,
Shall be voiceless—nevermore.

A CRUSHING DEFEAT.

New Jersey School Vs. Mount Airy School.

The football team of the New Jersey School went to Mount Airy on Thanksgiving Day and met with the most crushing defeat that they ever received—40 to 0.

At 2 o'clock the New Jersey boys appeared on the field and a little later the Mount Airy eleven came rushing into the field and both teams engaged in a little preliminary practice.

The field was in very bad condition. The snow of the previous two days had left it soft as dough.

During the practice the spectators, some 800 in number, had a chance to compare the relative strength of both teams, and it was observed at once that the Mount Airy boys were by far the heavier and best trained.

At 2.30 the game commenced, the choice of field falling to the home team.

From the first kick-off, it was evident that the New Jersey boys were going to have a hard time of it. Yard by yard they were forced back, hardly ever regaining their lost ground, and it seemed utterly impossible for them to get around the ends. The tactics of the home team were similar to those adopted by the University of Pennsylvania, which have proven so effective. It was to get in single file and like a mighty battering ram force through their opponent's phalanx.

Goal after goal was successfully kicked by the Mount Airy boys.

But how could it be otherwise. The Mount Airy School has some 300 boys to pick from to the New Jersey School's 75, then again, they were much the heavier and stronger.

Yet, for all that, the New Jersey boys fought gamely and with undaunted courage up to the last, and although they retired from the field mud-bespattered, bruised and sore with defeat, they felt it was no shame to be beaten by such powerful opponents.

They were well treated, they were dined and supped and otherwise made to feel that their visit was worth even the defeat.

Little was the star of the Mount Airy team and McGarry, for New Jersey, did some fine play.

Simmons, of the visiting team, was hurt in the second half and was obliged to retire, his place being taken by Stephenson. He was kindly cared for by the Mt. Airy people and his injuries will not prove serious.

Our boys were delighted with the treatment they received, and with the opportunity to visit this model school for the deaf.

Among the on-lookers were:—Profs. Kirkhuff, Thompson, Booth, Davidson, Taylor, Gruver, and Messrs. Goodwin and Ziegler, of the Mt. Airy School, and Messrs. Porter and Stephenson, the latter accompanied by Miss Josie Hattersley, of Trenton, and Raymond Burdsall, of Point Pleasant, besides a good many former pupils of the Pennsylvania School.

Is The Education of the Deaf a Charity?

It is beginning to dawn upon the average man that Free Education is not a charity, but the right of every British child. The superstition still lingers, however, and in high places, too, that the education of the deaf, dumb and blind is not a right but a charity. It cannot be too widely known that the law in England now provides for the education of every deaf or blind child in the kingdom, and that such education can be demanded of the School Board of the district in which such a child resides. If there is no education provision to meet the case in the local Board School, the authorities are bound to send the child, either at the expense of the State, or at that of the parents if they can afford it, to some institution. Missionaries and friends of the deaf who come across a neglected deaf child, may, therefore, armed with the Act, apply with confidence to the local School Board to provide for the child's education.—

Prominent Deaf Persons
of the World.

ALFRED BOQUIN.

Mr. Alfred Boquin, was born at Montbar, September 9th, 1850, the son of a lawyer of that town, who became mayor and magistrates' substitute. In 1859 he was placed at the National Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Paris, where he remained a scholar for nine years, under the successive direction of Messrs. Col and Baisse.

In 1868 he went as clerk to a lawyer, but not for long. He was afterwards apprenticed to a master turner in the locality. Two years later his



ALFRED BOQUIN.

friends fitted him up a splendid workshop, and for years he amused himself turning out some very fine things for his friends and relations. In 1878 he visited his old Professor at Paris (Mr. Berthier), who gave him all the necessary instructions as to banquets for the Deaf and Dumb. He then set to work to collect them all together from the surrounding district. In 1880 his efforts were crowned with success, and at a meeting of the Deaf and Dumb at Dijon he was chosen president for a year. In 1881 a second re-union took place, when Captain Vautrin was elected interpreter, and opened a subscription to purchase a statue of the Abbé de l'Épée.

This statue, the work of Felix Martin, a deaf-mute, is placed in the Museum at Dijon, where all the Deaf and Dumb of the Côte d'or go on a pilgrimage once a year. It was inaugurated in 1882 by Mr. Boquin, assisted by Captain Vautrin, interpreter. Owing to very weak eyesight he sent in his resignation in 1884, when he was appointed hon-president for life. At the same time he was begged to continue his good services and advice. In 1889 he married Miss Annette Demangoet, a most modest and intelligent deaf-mute young lady, a former scholar and teacher at the Institution at Piroux (Nancy). They were married at Beaume. We must all admit that Madame Boquin has always shown herself worthy of her husband's choice. At Piroux she obtained a prize of honor as much for scholar as pupil-teacher, and besides this a diploma of honor, conferring upon her the title advantages of tutor. In August, 1895, when the third governess, she received as a recompense a book entitled "Joan of Arc," and lastly, in 1880, another diploma of honor, proving that it was owing to overwork in teaching, &c., that obliged her to retire from it, &c. She is a model wife. In 1890 Mr. Boquin created the Deaf and Dumb Association at Bourgoigne. Afterwards he did everything in his power to obtain from the railway companies a reduction in the fares for those who attended the annual meeting of the Association. The director having acceded the Deaf and Dumb of Bourgoigne now travel half price. In 1893, under the initiative of Mr. Boquin, a subscription was opened to purchase a bronze bust of the Abbé de l'Épée and a banner, both of which emblems figure at the re-unions, and are the property of the Association. In March, 1895, he helped to organize a fête of

charity for the Deaf and Dumb and young Blind at the Boyer Institution. He rendered in a crowded hall the fables of "The Fox and the Crow" and "The Shoemaker and the Financier," which brought down the house. Since 1889 he has belonged to the Friendly Association of the Deaf and Dumb of France. He is also a shareholder of the Society, and a sleeping partner of the Journal for the Deaf and Dumb.—*Le Journal Sourds-Muets.*

FOOT-BALL IN ENGLAND.

Last year we gave our readers interesting sketches and illustrations of some of our American deaf-mute foot-ball teams. This year, through the courtesy of the *British Deaf Monthly*, we are able to present a few illustrations of foot-ball clubs in England, with an account of one of their games.

Athletic sports in England are encouraged much in the same way as they are here, but it seems that when our English cousins get up a carnival of sports they give it more prominence and receive more public attention than we Deaf do in American.

Manchester Deaf vs. London Deaf.

The return match of the above teams came off on the 4th April, at Stretford (near Manchester), in the presence of about 500 spectators. A very good game resulted in a win for Manchester by three goals to one. For the winners, Hinds, Booth, McGuire and Sharples played splendidly. For the losers, Inwood and Merritt played well. The Manchester team were much smaller men physically, but what they lacked in size they made up in agility. Manchester played a man short for the last 20 minutes of the game owing to a slight misfortune to one of the players (Sharples.) Mr. Bessant, Head-master of Old Trafford Schools, kindly entertained both teams and several past pupils to dinner. After dinner Mr. Tyler, of the London team, commenced the speech-making on behalf of his comrades, by stating how very much they were enjoying their visit, and thanking Mr. Bessant for his hospitality. Mr. Bessant rose to reply, saying it gave him great pleasure to meet the members of the London A. F. C., and also his old pupils. They were everywhere giving evidence that the instructions they had received at his hands had not been in vain; they were taking their place side by side with hearing persons in fulfilling the obligations of good citizens. He hoped these meetings would be more frequent in the future than they had been in the past. He had great pleasure in witnessing the match, and the thought had occurred to him that if the deaf and dumb would only try and infuse as much energy into their daily work as they did into their match that afternoon, they were sure to be successful men. Mr. Harrison, of Blackburn, replied very suitably, extolling Cooper, the famous deaf and dumb goal keeper to the Darwen Reserve, who had valued his services so much that they had presented him with a gold pendant for his watch guard. Mr. Hinds, the indefatigable captain and secretary of the Manchester and A. F. C., then rose on behalf of his comrades to thank Mr. Bessant for the extremely kind manner in which he had interested himself in the match, and to save their time as it was getting late, fully endorsed all the previous speakers had said. The visitors were then shown over the schools, and finally adjourning to the splendid gymnasium, where several of the party gave exhibitions of their skill in the various appliances, including Indian clubs, rifle exercises, wrestling, etc., terminating with a tug of war between the two teams, London winning easily. Thus ended a happy evening for all concerned, and which we venture to predict, will not soon be forgotten. Teams:—Manchester—Trainer, R. Francis; Messrs. Cooper, Booth, Hinds (captain), Luke, McGuire, Whatmough, Cole, Duncan, Stelfox, Sharples, Darbyshire. London—T. Rigg, Mason, Inwood (captain), J. Rigg, Dickinson, Thompson, Riddick, Chrystal, Whitehead, Merritt, Tyler; linesmen, Mr. Harrison (Blackburn), Mr. Cunliffe (Manchester); referee, Mr. Darbyshire (Stretford.)

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EDITORIALS.

PROBABLY many of our readers have seen in the papers some account of the great work in iron mining now being done by the famous Edison, in the mountain region of Northern New Jersey. Perhaps they may like a short account of it, more plain than what they have seen in other papers.

To begin with, we never find metallic iron in the ground. We find rocks called iron ores. The two principal kinds are called magnetite and hematite. When an ore is perfectly free from any other kind of rock, it contains about seventy pounds of metallic iron in each hundred pounds of ore, never more than that, or, perhaps, seventy-two pounds. Magnetite can be attracted by the magnet, just as metallic iron is, but hematite can not be attracted by the magnet. Magnetite is generally black, and hematite red or reddish brown.

In order to get metallic iron from the ores, they must be smelted in a blast furnace. In order to smelt iron cheaply, the blast furnace should be near coal mines and iron mines both, because if either the ore or the coal has to be carried far, the freight charges make it too expensive. Now, there are fine coal mines in eastern Pennsylvania. There are also iron mines, but the ore is not so good as that in Michigan and elsewhere. So these furnaces were not as well off as those further west. But there is near the eastern furnaces a great quantity of the finest magnetite ore. But unfortunately, this ore is mixed with hard and worthless rock. If this ore could be cheaply separated from the rock, it would be the best kind of ore.

Mr. Edison has invented and has set to work machinery by which he blasts out the rock, crushes it to powder, separates the powdered ore from the other rock by magnets which draw the ore away from the rest, presses the ore into cakes and bakes them hard, while the sand is piled up in a mountain by itself. These cakes or briquettes make the best kind of ore for the furnaces, and can be furnished cheap. At the works at the

new town of Edison, the works are now turning out 1500 tons of these ore cakes every day. All this is produced from rock which was entirely worthless until Edison made his wonderful invention.

OUR highly valued contributor CYCLE ARTICLES and special artist, Mr. C. J. LeClercq, continues his series of SPECIAL ARTIST cycling articles this month with a description of the lovely rides to be had on Staten Island.

His graphic account, with pen and pencil, of the enjoyment to be had in club rides of this kind, prompts us to suggest that it would be a great service to sociably inclined riders if he would give some hints showing how a club ride may be made a success. In particular, the duties of the captain and the rules of the road, as they apply to cyclists, are points which many riders would like to have made more clear to them.

THE first day of November is the feast of All Saints. On that day the Church honors all the good men and women who have lived and died in the fear of God and the love of man. To us it seems a day that ought to be dear to every one, even to those who, in general, care little for churches and saints. It teaches that, although one may live an obscure life and may, after death, be forgotten by men, yet, if that life has been pure and unselfish, it has not been lost. It is treasured in God's memory, and it still goes on to bless those who live after it. We give elsewhere a little poem appropriate to the day, which is worth preserving.

THE FOOTBALL has raged this year as severely as ever. There have been DANGERS OF the usual deaths, and in almost every important game there have been broken bones, sprains, twisted joints or ruptured muscles. In at least one state there is a probability that the game may be forbidden by law, and many heads of schools all over the country are thinking whether they should not put a stop to it in their schools.

In our opinion the time has come when this rough, dangerous, unsportsmanlike game should no longer be a feature in school and college life. We have heard for several years that the rules would be changed so as to do away with the worst features of the game, but the fact remains that men are injured, often for life, in almost every game. It is plain, too, that the referees are not able to prevent "dirty" play, of which there is frequent complaint, even in college games.

As a means of physical training it is a perfect humbug. The best authorities say that it is a game so severe that only the hardy and robust should take part in it. In other words, it is fit only for those who have no need of physical training. And of the young athletes who figure in the games, those who come to the age of forty will find that the wrenches and twists and strains of their football days come back in the shape of rheumatism and neuralgia, leaving them worse off than if they had never had any athletic training.

All this is not an argument against physical training, nor against athletic games. On the contrary, the abolition of the present plan of college football is the first step to introducing a real plan of physical training. On the present plan,

a hundred youths in a university hammer and twist and break each other's bodies, and a thousand others sit on benches and get pneumonia watching them do it.

In German and Swiss schools and at West Point, every student is trained to carry himself and to use his muscles, freely and gracefully, and acquires not only muscular strength, but a reserve of vital force which is of use in after life.

Athletic games, too, which test the skill, endurance and courage of the participants, have an important place in any complete scheme of education. But prize-fighting, bull-fighting and football ought to be on the outside of the line which separates the allowed from the forbidden.

The pupils of this school have been allowed to play football for the reason that it is still a recognized game in all schools, and is the only way in which they can meet the pupils of other schools in a friendly contest. They have played this season with an entire absence of intentional roughness, and have got as much good and as little harm from it, probably, as the nature of the game will allow. But all the good might have been secured without any of the danger, if some less violent sport had been cultivated in the place of football.

NOVEMBER is the month of elections. It is therefore a good time to say something about the political duties and the political ability of the average voter. Most men attach themselves to one or other of the great parties, and pride themselves on always voting "the straight ticket." Presidential elections are the times when their enthusiasm is red hot, and they talk with great earnestness on free trade or the gold standard. In State elections, for Governor and other high officers, there is also much enthusiasm, but local elections do not appeal very strongly to the mass of voters.

Now, this is just the opposite of what common sense would seem to point out as the sensible way to use the voting power. On questions such as tariff or currency, it is likely that not more than one voter in a hundred has any intelligent notions. But on matters in his own town or city, every one can, and ought to, know something.

He can tell whether the roads are good, he can find out by asking those who do know, whether the schools are good; he can learn whether on the whole, the freeholders or mayor or council are acting wisely and honestly or not. And, by talking and voting in favor of honesty and intelligence, he can do something to help the cause of good government in local affairs. Then, having formed the habit of voting for men whom he knows to be good in small matters, he will be more likely, like the man in the parable, to be "faithful over many things" when he comes to help in selecting a Governor or a President.

It is all right for a man to go with his party, if he knows what his party is for. Parties exist for the purpose of getting the kind of government that the most people want. But when an honest man votes for a scoundrel because he belongs to the same party, the voter helps to get the kind of government he does not want.

And a man who talks wisely about the tariff and the foreign policy of the government but does not know whether his village is well governed or not is like Mrs. Jellyby in Dickens's novel, who sat up nights to make flannel night-gowns for the Africans, while her own children were in rags.

TEACHERS OF THE DEAF IN ATHLETICS

OF all the bicycle roadsters in the schools, for the deaf, we suppose that Principal Clarke, of the Michigan school stands first—at least in the general utility class, if not as a sprinter. His record for the current season, up to date is, 157 miles in one day, something over 500 miles in five consecutive days, and a total of over 6000 miles since the opening of navigation in the spring.

Mr. Clarke is something of an athlete, and in his youth established, we believe, some pretty good records on the cinder path.

We seem to remember a barge race in which he pulled an oar, his crew defeating one from Columbia University.

By the way, the teachers of the deaf make a pretty good showing in the athletic line. To begin with, there is President Gallaudet. His college days came a little too early for him to display his undoubted abilities as an athlete, but the prowess of his son who rowed stroke in one of the finest crews that Yale ever put in a boat, and who gave Harvard one of the finest views they ever enjoyed of the stern of a Yale shell, is still cherished at New Haven. Then there is Principal Tate, of Missouri. He is a crack rifle shot and as to baseball, we understand the belief is that when there is a player in his institution who can fill the catcher's position better than he can—Mr. Tate will resign. Mr. Nelson of Rome was a crack baseball player in his Harvard days, and it is wonderful to see how he can still carry his dignity and his avoidupois around the bases in fewer seconds than any of the youngsters. Mr. McDermid, of Winnipeg, has, we believe, a reputation as a wily pitcher. Mr. Ely, of Maryland, and Dr. Williams, of Hartford, have, like Dr. Gallaudet, won athletic renown by proxy, through the achievements of their respective sons. Then, there is, "last, best and greatest," Mr. Harris Taylor, who, by common report, "has touched nothing which he has not adorned," whether it be cow-punching in Texas, skating on the Schuylkill or baseball playing and riding over the face of the country at large.

IN our account of Dr. Gallaudet's European trip in the last issue, AS we criticised his speaking of a NOBLEMEN. baronet as a nobleman. Our attention has since been called to an article in the Encyclopedia Britannica in which baronets are called "the lowest order of our hereditary nobility."

This is unquestionable authority for the use of the term as it occurred in Dr. Gallaudet's article, although, in strictness, we believe, a distinction is drawn between the nobility or peerage, and the titled gentry, to which class, baronets whose title is, and knights, whose title is not, hereditary, are held to belong.

But the Doctor's accuracy, as usual, is vindicated. Next time we shall explore the authorities before we go on record against him.

A HANDY DESK CALENDAR.

THE Pope Mfg. Co. send us one of their attractive calendars for 1898. It gives you on every page a hint of the excellence of Columbia bicycles—that's business. It also gives you the date, a pleasing bit of a picture, and leaves room for jotting a few memoranda—that's a pleasure—to the user.

Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

THE NEW GAME OF DRIBBLING.

By T. G. COOK.

HAVING found the above game not only interesting and exciting, but a decided change and novelty from other similar games, I have arranged the following rules, which have been tested and found to cover all the necessary requirements for the government of the game. The game not only combines the energy and endurance so necessary in Basket Ball, but requires as well the quickness. For, when the ball is being played close to the opponents goal, a player has to think and act with wonderful quickness to be successful in scoring a goal. We have found it a simple game to learn and interesting to a great extent. And especially adapted to rooms where the ceiling is low and it makes a very good substitute where Basket Ball cannot be played.

RULE I.—Grounds.

I. Require the same floor space as Basket Ball and the game can be played in almost every Gymnasium of ordinary size.

II. Teams to consist from five to seven players. Five men to play when the playing space is less than 1200 square feet, seven men when it is more than 1600 and less than 3000.

III. The players shall be known, as Right and Left Forward, Centre Rush, Defense and Goal Keeper. When seven play, the additional men are Right and Left Rushers.

RULE II.—Goals.

I. Shall consist of two uprights, 3 feet high, with cross bar at top and shall be placed six feet apart.

RULE III.—Ball.

I. The ball shall be a number 4 or 5 Association foot-ball, and can be either rubber or leather cover. In all games the ball shall be provided by the home team.

RULE IV.—Captains.

I. The captains shall be the only players allowed to appeal to the Referee or Umpire, and all disputes must be decided by them.

RULE V.—Referee.

I. The Referee shall see that the ball is properly put in play, at the commencement of the game, and whenever otherwise necessary as stated.

II. The Referee shall be judge of the ball, shall decide when the ball is in play, to whom it belongs, either in or out of bounds, shall keep the time and decide when a goal has been scored.

III. The Referee's term of office shall extend from the time the game begins until it is concluded. The Umpire's term of office shall be the same.

RULE VI.—Umpire.

I. The visiting team shall have the right to furnish the Umpire and he must be an impartial and satisfactory person.

II. The Umpire shall be judge of the men, shall call all fouls and warn the offenders. He shall have power to disqualify men according to Rule VIII.—V. only

RULE VII.—Score.

I. A Foul shall count 1 point for the opponents, and a Goal 3 points.

RULE VIII.—The Game.

I. The Ball shall be put in play by the Referee as follows: The ball to be placed in the centre of the floor between the two goals. And upon the whistle being blown, the two Rushers charge forward to the ball. Rushers are to charge upon opposite sides as in Polo, so they will not collide together in the centre of the floor. The ball to be in play must be first touched by one of the Rushers.

II. The game shall consist of two halves of ten minutes each, with five minutes for rest between the halves.

III. The teams shall change goals at the end of the first half.

IV. At the beginning of the game the visiting team shall have the choice of goals.

V. The ball must not be held with any portion of the body, nor must it be thrown. Doing same constitutes a foul. The Ball can be dribbled or butted along the floor by one hand only. Should-

ering. Pushing. Kicking the ball, or Running with the ball is a foul.

VI. The ball upon being batted into the air instantly becomes dead and is not in play till it touches the floor again. The ball cannot be stopped while in the air unless unintentional.

VII. Any player making three intentional fouls shall be disqualified; a substitute may be allowed.

VIII. The Goal Keeper only may stop the ball with any portion of his body in defending the goal.

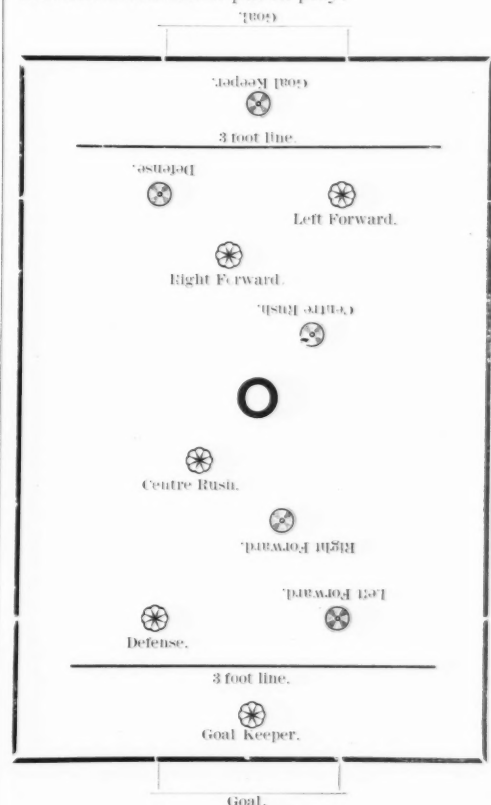
IX. The Ball, upon going out of bounds, shall go to the player first touching it, who shall put it into play by walking up to the boundary line, and there either bat it or dribble it into the field of play. He shall be allowed five seconds only to put the ball in play, failing in this, the ball shall go to the opponents.

X. Ball to be put in play from centre of floor, after a goal has been scored, after a foul has been called, and whenever the Referee is undecided in his decision, also at the commencement of the game, and when time has been called.

XI. There shall be a parallel line 3 feet from Goal line which cannot be crossed by an opponent. All passes must be made outside of this line.

XII. No player of either team allowed inside this Goal line but the Goal Keeper.

Following diagram illustrates the field and two five-men teams in their positions ready for play to begin. Centre Rushers to start from 3 foot line when ball is put in play.



If those who think teaching the deaf is a sinecure which any body can fill, and where the happy band have only to draw their salary, would take charge of a class for a year, see what headway they make and how they feel, they might have their eyes opened. I have aged in the service and look upon the work as the proudest a man of heart and feeling can be engaged in. The soul and mind and life and character of a fellow-man; of an immortal being are to be moulded, not for time alone, but for eternity. The grave task falls to your lot. You are unfit for it if you fail to realize its sacredness. The position, therefore, is not only laborious but eminently responsible, and the names of those through whose untiring efforts these interesting children have been raised from their sad original condition into that higher sphere of enlightenment and usefulness which is their boast may well fill a glorious page in the annals of a benevolent, grateful nation. Then, speed on the brave cause. Let every man in the ranks be worthy of his vocation.—Paul Denys, in American Annals.

School - Room.

Conducted by R. B. Lloyd, A.B.

Geography.

POSITION WORDS.

in, on, near, between, through, across, beyond,

Practice the pupil on the use of the above words with objects in view in the room or that can be seen out of the windows. Then use pictures, then maps. A map of the United States is good. First, let them fill such blanks as these, using one of the above words.

1. Trenton is — New Jersey.
2. St. Louis is in —.
3. Albany is — the Hudson River.
4. Trenton is on the —.
5. Trenton is between — and —.
6. The Delaware River is between — and —.
7. The Atlantic Ocean is between — and —.
8. The Rocky Mountains are — the Mississippi River.
9. The Illinois River flows through —.

North, South, East, West, North-east, South-east, North-west, South-west,

Show pupils the mariner's compass and the North Star. Fix in their memory the *north, east, south, and west*, sides of the room. Then the corners. After further instruction give questions and blanks like the following:

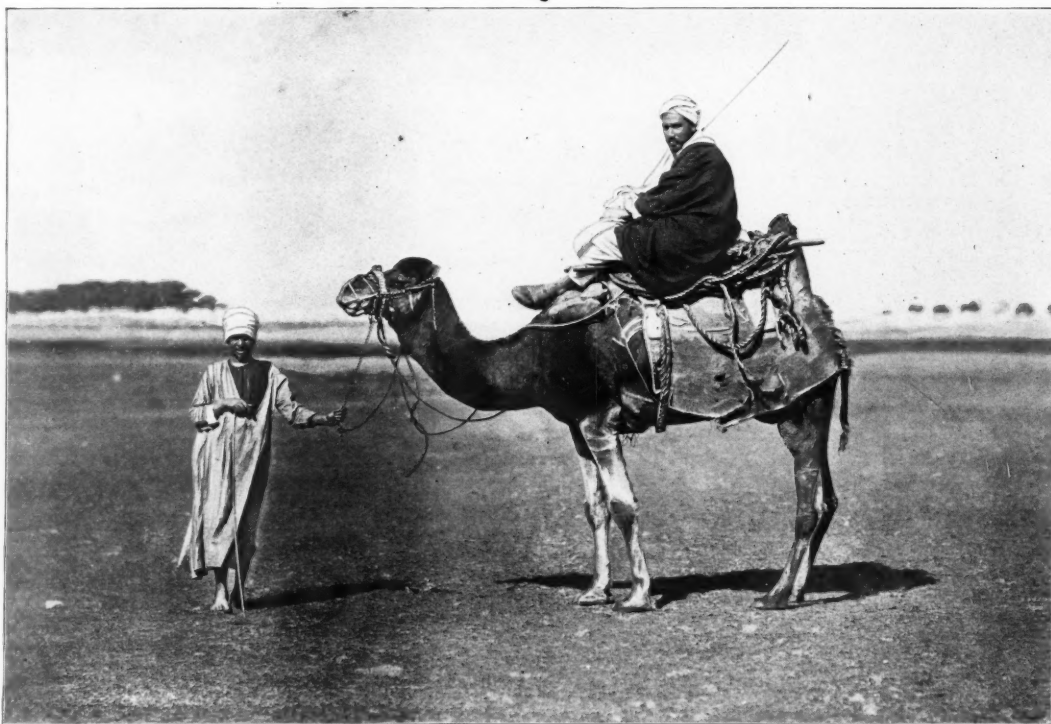
1. Which way does Hamilton avenue run?
2. Which way does Chestnut street run?
3. Name two streets which run east and west.
4. Name two streets which run north and south.
5. This building is on the — side of Hamilton ave. It faces the —.
6. Mr. Jenkins lives on the — side of Greenwood avenue — and Clinton street. His house faces the —.
7. This school is east of —.
8. — is north of —.
9. — is west of —.
10. — is northeast of —.
11. — is southwest of —.
12. Mr. Lloyd lives on the — side of — street.
- 13 We go — when we go to the river.

Having become familiar with the meaning of these direction names in reference to near-by objects, let them have maps. Again, a map of the United States is a good thing. From it they may fill such blanks as the following:

1. Cincinnati is — of Columbus.
2. Chicago is — of New York City.
3. Ohio is — of New Jersey.
4. Trenton is — of New York.
5. — is east of —.
6. — is northwest of —.

Pupils who are old enough ought to learn the names of the streets in the vicinity of the school, at least, and the directions in which they extend. They are often very ignorant on this subject. The teacher might tell them to bring in the name of a street whenever they can. Many of them do not know that the names on street corners are the names of the streets. It is just as profitable for the teacher to take short walks with them on pleasant days as to keep them in the school-room. They ought to learn the meaning of the terms mile, half mile, etc. It will interest them to know how many minutes it takes them to walk a mile and that the time it takes them to ride home in the cars covers so many miles. They can get a better

FOREIGN ILLUSTRATIONS.



WE have all read with interest the accounts of the war in Upper Egypt and the Soudan, between the British, with their white soldiers aided by the Egyptians on the one hand, and the fanatical followers of the Mahdi on the other hand. The illustration gives a very good idea how these Dervishes, who are fighting for Mohammedanism against British civilization, appear when in the field. Every one knows the ability of the camel to subsist on the poorest food, such as the twigs of thorn bushes, and to go without water for days at a time. The men who live in the desert are also able to go without drinking oftener than every other day, and they can live on a few dates and a little rice. They are perfectly fearless fighters, because they believe that if they are killed while fighting against the Christians they go straight to Paradise. Wherever they are, they say their prayers several times a day. Many of them carry fine rugs which they spread on the ground to pray on. Some of these are worth seventy-five dollars. But brave as they are, the British will probably conquer the country from them, which will be a very good thing, both for the British and for the natives.

idea of distance by knowing how long it takes to walk or ride over it. Call their attention to the time of starting for the walk, and the time of returning, and make an estimate of the distance covered.

Keep account of weather until the children learn to notice and describe the difference in days, as sunshiny, cloudy, rainy, snowy, etc. Teach them to read and record the temperature each day if you have a thermometer.

Arithmetic.

I.

(Measurements in inches.)

1. How wide is the door?
2. How high is the table?
3. How long is your desk?
4. How deep is the basket?
5. How long is your slate?
6. How wide is it?
7. How deep is the crayon-box?
8. How long is your arm?
9. What is your waist measure?

(Measurements in feet and inches.)

II.

1. How high is the door?
2. How high is the closet?
3. How long is the room?
4. How wide is the room?
5. How high is the ceiling?
6. How deep is the closet?
7. How wide is the hall?

8. How far is it from your seat to the door?
9. How far is it from the school house to the street?

III.

1. Draw a large square on your slate.
2. How many sides has it?
3. Are the sides equal or unequal?
4. How long is each side?
5. How many inches around it?
6. Draw a diagonal.
7. Which is the longer—the diagonal or the side?
8. How long is the diagonal?

IV.

1. Draw a line on your slate.
2. How long is it?
3. Divide it into two equal parts?
4. How long is one part?
5. How long are both parts?
6. Draw another line.
7. How long is it?
8. Divide it into four equal parts?
9. How long is one part?
10. How long are all the parts together.

The SILENT WORKER, the handsome monthly, published by the State Deaf-Mute School, has changed its date of publication from the last week to the first week of the month. There is no more interesting magazine published than our bright contemporary, and *Trenton Life* wishes it all success that its prosperous condition indicates.—*Trenton Life*.

FROM THE "DAILY BULLETIN."

A Little Paper Printed for The Pupils of the New Jersey School.

Tuesday, October 5.

Yesterday Mrs. Clark, formerly Miss Florence Brown, called at the school with her husband. The pupils and teachers were glad to see her.

This evening Charles Cascella will take some books from the library and will put them in the book cases in the boys' sitting-room. He will use that as a branch of the library, for the boys. The library now contains about 1,300 volumes, mostly well-selected. Many new books will be added this year. The book-cases are crowded, but more room will soon be made for the new books.

Wednesday, 6.

All the girls in the printing classes are doing much better this term. Mr. Porter hopes there will be a friendly rivalry between the boys and the girls to see who can do the cleanest work.

The publishers of the *Trenton Times* have very kindly promised to send two copies of their paper every day to the school. One copy will be for the boys and one for the girls. In return for this favor the brightest of the pupils might sometimes write the news of the school to the *Times*.

The girls want to have a book-case on their side of the house, so that they can get books to read without coming to the library for them. Kate Stetser will be the librarian of the girls' branch library. Mr. Jenkins has promised to let them have a book-case if there is one in the house that will answer.

Yesterday the Board of Education accepted Miss Dey's resignation. They appointed Miss Hendershot in her place. She will come here in about three weeks. In the meantime Mrs. Lloyd will take Miss Dey's classes. Miss Hendershot is an excellent teacher, and the pupils and teachers will be glad to have her here again. We are very sorry to lose Miss Dey, who also is a very good teacher.

Thursday, 7.

Several of the pupils have written nice letters about the wonderful horse Jim Key. Mr. Jenkins will send them to the horse's owner, who lives in West Orange. He requested Mr. Jenkins to do so.

Yesterday Mr. Jenkins got some new maps to use in the chapel when he is lecturing about the news of the day. They are in bright colors, and can easily be seen by the pupils. He also got a "Historical Portfolio" of United States History.

A boy in Class I. was given the following question yesterday in history period: "What brought about Ponce de Leon's death?" to which he answered: "He was shot by an Indian arrow, which ended his days. He found himself dead, lurking in the land of flowers."

Saturday, 9.

Charlie Schliff does a good business in cleaning bicycles for teachers and officers. He has bought a can of Bicycle Powder which is excellent to clean and polish metal. He respectfully asks for patronage.

Yesterday afternoon the team played a game of football with the second eleven of the Model school. The game was on the Model school ground. Our boys were defeated by the score of 12 to 4. They say that the Model school boys are the most gentlemanly players they have ever played with. They do not try to cheat or take an unfair advantage. Mr. Jenkins let the four classes out of school half an hour earlier, so they could go to see the game. Kate Shea went with the girls. They enjoyed the game very much.

Monday, 11.

Yesterday Walter Throckmorton's father drove up from Mount Holly to learn how he was. He was glad to know that the little fellow is all right.

The girls are, in general, very well behaved and nice. Mrs. Swartz says that Ethel Collins, in particular, deserves credit for her carefulness as monitor. She looks out for the girls as well as a grown woman.

Mr. George Morris was up for Sunday, and says that he likes his place at Point Pleasant. He says that Ray Burdall is doing well in the employ of the electric company. He is considered a good workman.

Tuesday, 12.

Yesterday afternoon the Klondyke team played a game of football with the deaf-mute team. The game was a draw, and the score was 4-4.

Last summer, while a cousin of Mrs. Jenkins was in Scotland, she met a bright deaf-mute boy about ten years old. He said that he wanted to learn the single hand alphabet, as he knew only the two-hand alphabet, which is used in British schools. Mrs. Jenkins got some alphabet cards and sent him.

Mr. Abbott has resigned, to go into business in Bridgeport, Conn. William Gallagher will take charge of the classes in wood-working for the present. A new instructor will probably be appointed very soon.

Thursday, 14.

Dr. Barwis called at the school yesterday afternoon. His bride was in the buggy with him. He has only just returned from his wedding journey. We congratulate him.

This morning Mr. Jenkins examined class IV. in history. They have made a good beginning, and have done better than class III. That class must look out, or class IV. will beat them.

Yesterday afternoon a man brought a load of potatoes here, which Mr. Hearnen had bought for the school. There were 100 bushels on the wagon. They weighed about three tons. The wagon broke down, and the man had to leave it in the yard.

Yesterday Mr. Jenkins found in the woods a very pretty flower called the closed gentian. It looks like a large bud, and the color is a lovely blue. It is rather rare. He brought it to the school and showed it to some of the pupils.

Friday, 15.

Mr. Sharp is in a hurry for the new dining-room table, because the present ones are overcrowded. Mr. Gallagher will finish it as soon as he can.

Mr. Jenkins had a letter from his sister-in-law. Her husband, Mr. Jenkins's youngest brother, has gone into the woods in Maine to hunt for bears, moose and deer. If he has any adventures he will write about them in the *Silent Worker*.

Saturday, 16.

Mr. Jenkins has ordered a lot of kindergarten material for Mrs. Forter, so the little tots can be kept busy learning about many things which they illustrate by cutting out paper patterns.

Yesterday noon Mr. Sharp allowed Charlie Schliff to drill the boys and take them down to dinner. They did it in fine shape. Charlie is a bright little chap. By the way, the badges for the police boys have been ordered. They are to be of colored leather, with the word "Officer" printed on them.

Monday, 18.

Miss Bockee's sister is a teacher in the Normal School. Weston Jenkins Jr., studies German under her, and he says that she is a fine teacher and he likes her very much.

Mr. Reuben C. Stephenson called at the school yesterday afternoon in company with Miss Hattersley. He is now working in one of the potteries in Trenton, and is earning good wages.

Mr. Hearnen has ordered some flower bulbs to plant in the beds where cannas and begonias were. They will be here to-day or tomorrow.

Last evening Mr. Cascella gave a stereopticon exhibition. The pupils were very glad to see the pictures again. Mr. Jenkins is going to hire some pictures for a lecture on the evening of October 31st.

Tuesday, 19.

This morning Mr. Gallagher got some shellac to put on the new table. He is proud of it, because he has made it all himself, without any help from any one, except Wilson, who worked under his orders.

Moses Bessman calls our attention to a paragraph in this morning's Herald, stating that a deaf man in Bridgeton, N. J., was struck by a trolley car and will probably die. It is a warning to deaf people not to walk on the track.

Charles Cascella has got up a new drill for the boys in the play-room. He practises them in it every day before they go down to meals. They do it very well. There is a close rivalry between the boys and the girls to see which has the best drill.

Mrs. Porter has twelve pupils in her special class in drawing. She wanted only nine, but they all want so much to stay in the class that she will keep them all. Adrian Borrebach, who has just come back, has joined the class and is doing good work.

Thursday, 21.

A friend of Miss March's in Massachusetts sent a set of books about animals. The name is "Wood's Natural History." They are not bound, but Mr. Jenkins will send them to the bindery. They will be both interesting and instructive.

This afternoon Mr. Sharp began fitting the gymnastic suits of the boys. He got eleven suits fitted, and marked them with the names of the owners. Many of the boys have outgrown their old suits. He will get all the boys provided with suits and shoes before the cold weather sets in.

Yesterday noon the boys and girls asked Mr. Jenkins to inspect them in line and to say which had the best order. He did so, and he says that there is no difference between the boys and girls in good order and obedience. The girls excel the boys in precision of movement. This is because they have had more drill than the boys. But if the boys keep on, they will improve and will equal the girls, or, perhaps, surpass them.

Friday, 22.

Mr. Woodward was here yesterday afternoon. He looked through the hospital building, and talked with Mr. Jenkins, Mrs. Myers and Mr. Hearnen.

Mr. Gallagher has taken Miss Bunting's order for a table for the geography room. He has started on the drawings and will push it through as rapidly as possible.

Yesterday Mr. Jenkins took the books which Miss March's friend sent us to the binder. There are three volumes. They will be nicely bound. This work is one of the best there is on natural history.

Saturday, 23.

The school has received a portfolio of one hundred portraits of famous authors. Mr. Jenkins will have some of them framed. The pupils will want to know about these authors.

Did you know that little "Joe" Hays is quite a skilful mimic? The other day he was found in the chapel giving an imitation of a lecture by Mr. Jenkins. Those who saw him say that it was too funny for words.

Yesterday Mr. Jenkins went to Camden to attend the celebration of the 120th anniversary of the battle of Red Bank near Camden. The party went down to the

battlefield in a steamer. It is seven miles from Camden. The earthworks can be seen plainly, and there is a bit of the brickwork of the old powder magazine. After the party returned to Camden, there was a meeting in the new armory building, with music and address. In the evening there was a dinner. The visitors from Trenton got home at half-past one this morning.

Monday, 25.

Mr. Hearnen got a sheepskin colored blue. It is for the badges of the officers of the juvenile division. The older officers will have badges of a different kind. It has not yet been decided what kind they will be. Suggestions are invited from the ladies.

Yesterday Mrs. Henry J. Haight, of New York, came down to visit Miss Vail. They both took dinner with Mrs. Jenkins. Mrs. Haight returned to New York in the afternoon. She is a deaf lady, and her husband is also deaf. He is quite an artist, and in his younger days used to exhibit his pictures in the Academy of Design. Of late years he has been an electrician and inventor. He has a splendid place in Orange Co., New York, and has a house in the city. Mrs. Haight was a school-mate and friend of Mrs. Jenkins.

Tuesday, 26.

Mr. Hearnen brought a large box from the station. It was full of flower-bulbs—tulips, hyacinths, crocus and daffodils. When it stops raining William Newcomb will plant them. They will bloom next April and May.

Yesterday Mrs. Porter taught Class X. about a leaf. Miss March taught them to speak the name. She asked them, "Can you make a leaf?" They said "No." Penrose spelled, "God." He knew about God, because his parents, who are deaf-mutes, taught him at home. The other children did not know the name of God.

The deaf "kids" played with Donald Jenkins's team Saturday afternoon and beat them by them by the score of 4 to 0.

Wednesday, 27.

Yesterday afternoon Messrs. Woodward and Frey visited the institution to see how the new hospital building was getting on. They were much pleased with it.

Yesterday afternoon Miss Trask had the girls play out of doors, instead of in the gymnasium, because the weather was so lovely. She taught them a nice game and they enjoyed it very much.

After the Fair some of the pupils wrote letters to the owner of the horse Jim Key. Yesterday Mr. Jenkins got a letter from this gentleman, whose name is Mr. Rogers. He writes: "Tell the children I received their letters and read them with much pleasure and commend them very highly. The letters were read to 1900 pupils in one of Cincinnati's largest schools. I will send the children one of Beautiful Jim Key's photos at the earliest opportunity."

Thursday, 28.

Ten more volumes of the "Library of The World's Best Literature" are on their way here from New York. The complete set includes thirty volumes. We already have ten.

Louisa Daberkow's mother and sister were here to see her yesterday. They took her out to walk. Her mother left some money for her to spend. She also brought a little toy coffee-mill and gave it to Mrs. Porter to use in the kindergarten.

Rev. Father Aloysius came to see Mr. Jenkins last evening in order to practice the deaf-mute way of talking, so that he can readily converse with his deaf pupils. He is much interested in them.

We are going to have a flag sidewalk laid from the small gate at the north-west corner of the grounds to the front piazza. Mr. Packer has the contract and he will hurry the work, so as to finish it before cold weather.

Mr. Whalen is making the badges for the officers of the younger division, of the boys. The badges are made of blue sheepskin lined with white, and stitched with white. When he has made them, Mr. Jenkins will take them to the book-binder's to have them stamped with the word "OFFICER," in gilt letters.

Friday, 29.

Yesterday ten volumes of the "Library of The World's Best Literature" came by express. We now have twenty volumes of this work, and there are ten more to come, making thirty volumes in all.

Miss Hendershot arrived in Trenton night before last. She called at the school yesterday morning. All the teachers were glad to see her and so were her old pupils. She has gone down to Mount Airy to see her sister Mrs. Booth. She will begin teaching on Monday morning.

The workmen have finished their job on the hospital building. Mr. Woodward was here yesterday afternoon to look at the building and see if it was all right. The building is not finished. The Board will ask the Legislature to give them some more money next winter, to finish it.

Saturday, 30.

The workmen are laying the flag sidewalk from the gate to the piazza. It is a much-needed improvement.

Mr. Chas J LeClereq, the artist and engraver for the SILENT WORKER, is expected from New York to-day.

The badges for the officers of the boys are at the book-binder's, getting stamped. They will be here this afternoon.

The boys played a spirited practice game yesterday afternoon. Krokenberger and Gallagher made some fine plays. I noticed some boys playing without their canvas jackets. This will not be allowed. It is dangerous to the health.

GREATER NEW YORK.

BY ROBERT E. MAYNARD.

FROM the last report of the State Board of Charities, I glean the following in relation to the number of deaf-mutes in the various county almshouses of New York State. The total number is **54**, and distributed by counties as follows:—

COUNTY	NO	COUNTY	NO
Broome.....	1	Niagara.....	1
Cattaraugus.....	2	Oneida.....	5
Chemung.....	1	Onondaga.....	2
Chenango.....	1	Oswego.....	1
Columbia.....	1	Putnam.....	1
Dutchess.....	1	Queens.....	2
Erie.....	1	Richmond.....	1
Franklin.....	5	Rockland.....	2
Fulton.....	1	St. Lawrence.....	2
Greene.....	1	Saratoga.....	1
Herkimer.....	2	Steuben.....	1
Jefferson.....	2	Suffolk.....	3
Lewis.....	2	Warren.....	4
Livingston.....	2	Wyoming.....	1
Madison.....	2		
Montroe.....	1	Total.....	54
Montgomery.....	1		

Thus it will be seen that Franklin, Oneida, Warren counties have more than their share of pauper deaf, and most of these inmates are aged people, who are either the victims of ungrateful relatives or so unfortunate as to have relatives at all to offer them the shelter and comforts of home.

And when we take these facts into consideration we can most readily see the great benefit to be derived from the Gallaudet Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf at Poughkeepsie. And just think of it, fifty-four aged and pauper deaf in our County almshouses and the Home existing without their knowledge. Who will be the first to endeavor to remove the feeling of shame that probably burns in some of these poor deaf-mutes. No doubt they would try to help themselves, but they probably cannot. Theirs is a bitter lot, indeed, and a pitiful one that very few of us can realize. The pride of citizenship, the love of home and friends, a hand in the progress of the world, all lost to them is indeed a sad affliction. There's nothing that they can call their own—they must live on the scant charity of the commonwealth and friends.

Had I the time and friends I would visit every almshouse in the state and make a report of every case to the Board of Managers of the Gallaudet Home, and it could, no doubt, provide room and accommodation for the half number,—the most aggravated cases. I am sure there exist at our very doors cases that need help, and I would suggest that the managers of the home communicate with the State Board of Charities for details of each case in the counties above. It is not enough to sing the praises of the home when so many poor, neglected ones are pining and wasting away amid surroundings that are what we should not think of having.

The Gallaudet Home is in need of money—it needs money all the time for this work, and every dollar contributed means so many more inmates. We must all lend a helping hand. Patronize the entertainments and sociables given frequently in its aid, become a member of the Home list of the Home by the payment of One Dollar annually.

Some day the wheel of fortune may slip a peg and you may find yourself battling against odds you cannot overcome. There is your heaven, the Gallaudet Home. Contribute to its support while the blessings of life are with you, and even though you may never expect to enter its walls as an inmate, the help you give will come back to you manifold in returns.

The home has lost thousands of dollars through the contesting of legacies by heirs. Some people make their wills and then die contented. How bitterly they were deceived, when our courts decide in favor of heirs and loop-holes, thus robbing worthy charities of the portion set aside for them.

Any donations received through this column will be immediately turned over to the home through Dr. Gallaudet.

Grant Day was a great day for New York city and those who remember the great military and civic pageant will be sorry to learn that it proved a disappointment as regards the uniforming

of our school boys. Those scholars whose parents could afford to uniform their children had the pleasure of seeing them march in the uniformed brigade, while the poorer boys had to be content in the civic division. So great was the pride of the uniformed boys that they refused to associate with the non-uniformed scholars, refused to consider them equal in the class-room and did all they could to widen the breach.

The Board of Education wisely gave orders that the uniforming of boy cadets be abolished, and that hereafter school children participating in parades shall march in civic dress. Thus it will be seen that uniformed school boys are practically barred from parades, and should the Fanwood cadets ever apply for a position in any parade they will be refused. The training of the Fanwood cadets is all right in itself, but it will be well nigh useless to train them to participate in the future great processions of Greater New York.

* * *

November brings to New Yorkers, especially to the graduates and pupils of Fanwood, that day dear to them of all the month, November 19th. It is their Thanksgiving Day. It is the birthday of the late Harvey P. Peet, LL.D., the up-builder of the New York Institution. How dear they hold his memory to themselves; their enthusiasm is quiet but their hearts overflow with gladness. Dr. Peet spent his whole life in educating the deaf and died in harness. Fanwood is the one grand monument of his name; its buildings are tall and magnificent—his ideas and example are worthy of them, and surely no greater and more magnificent tomb could be erected to his honor.

And still the Peet Memorial Fund is "growing." It has been growing too long. Its goal is known and, it seems, will never be reached. There are too many clubs to insure its support by New Yorkers. One plays left bower, the other right bower and then to cap the climax a partner is forced to play the Joker. We like to see the greatest good done for the greatest number and the fund either be increased by some means or otherwise closed and a memorial selected. Ten thousand dollars—yet we are six or seven thousand from it, and been that way these past six years. I believe Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D., son of the illustrious elder, is in favor of having his father's remains brought to Fanwood and interred there with fitting ceremonies, and the memorial erected then and there. What better can we do than lay his remains on the spot he loved so well, near the walls he learned to love with all his heart. Even this is not enough; but what better can we do?

* * *

Some time ago the State Institutions of New York, seven in number, were transferred from the State Board of Charities to the State Board of Education for maintenance and inspection. The deaf of New York congratulated themselves on the change from their pupils being branded paupers under the State Board of Charities to free, industrious and intelligent scholars in public schools. Their joy has been short-lived, for a ruling of the Supreme Court decrees that the payment of moneys by the State Comptroller shall be in such manner that they come under the head of charities. The wisdom of this ruling, we see not, but it's down on the statute and that's the law. There's no appeal from the decision of our laws unless we set about to rectify and correct the same in a legal manner. The legislature will convene in Albany the first week of January, 1898, and your district Assemblyman and Senator can be seen on the matter and introduce a bill or amendment covering the objectionable passage that brands the deaf of this state as paupers. Well may Principal Currier voice the sentiment of his school in saying the existence of such laws is a disgrace to the state and an injury to the deaf.

* * *

In reply to Editor Smith's question: "Now, just suppose there hadn't been any Smiths in Kentucky?" The election, in which Colonel McClure's brother was running for a county office, would have resulted in a tie providing McClure voted for himself, and a defeat if McClure had voted for his opponent; the majority of McClure being seven, and all of them: Smiths.

R. E. MAYNARD.

REPORT OF THE PENNSYLVANIAN DIOCESAN COMMISSION.

We have just received the report of the Pennsylvanian Diocesan Commission on Church work among the Deaf. As it includes a portion of New Jersey we think a few facts will be interesting to the reader. Bishop Whitaker is the Chairman, and the commission is made up of well known Pennsylvania men. Rev. J. M. Koehler is the missionary and Mrs. Margaret Syle the Parish Visitor. Mr. Koehler reports that he has held three hundred and fifty-one services for the deaf in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Wilmington and New Jersey during the past year, and that All Souls Church has twenty communicants from New Jersey. The duties of the Parish Visitor are to visit the deaf in their homes, carry help and consolation in case of sickness and when possible to procure work for the unemployed. During the past two years there has been much distress and enforced idleness on account of hard times and to the deaf the Visitor must have been a comfort. Mrs. Syle reports having made 522 visits during the past year in homes, hospitals and institutions, and having given \$184.43 in charity.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

In connection with our re-publication of the "Retrospect of the Education of the Deaf," we shall give in our next number a portrait of the author, the late Rev. Henry Winter Syle, with a sketch of his life and work.

This paper is written by an old friend and former associate of Mr. Syle, and will be of interest to our readers.

Mr. Syle was a man of unusual powers of mind, of untiring industry and of singular purity of purpose.

His work has not, we think, received the attention it deserves and we hope this little tribute to his memory will help to remind our readers how much the deaf owe to the labors and to the example of Henry Winter Syle.

~ ~ ~

The *Journal des Sourds Muets* is written in its entirety by deaf-mutes, and illustrated by deaf-mute artists; the compositors are deaf-mutes, and the paper is printed in a deaf-mute printing establishment, 28, Rue Berthollet, Paris. The managing editor is M. Henri Gaillard, whose acquaintance we had the pleasure of making in Chicago. M. Gaillard is by calling a compositor, and it is deserving of mention that one of the reasons which prompted him to start the journal was a desire to provide constant work for his fellow-compositors. We hope the journal and its editor may have a long and successful career.—*Messenger*.



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A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

It Will Mark the Time for Deaf Pupils in Minnesota.

One of the interesting items of the State expense charges for July appears in the current lists of the State school for the deaf, at Faribault, Minn. It is an item of \$252 for a clock, which is remarkable in more elements than in that of its expensive character. It has no cuckoo to cry the hours and tell the time of arriving and departing trains, like some of the boasted timepieces of the Swiss Alps, but its mechanism is certainly a wonder, for it is so arranged that it calls the pupils, attention hourly to the school programme and the calendar, in spite of the fact that they are deaf, and the usual alarms do not affect them in the least.

Of course, one clock would not be visible to all the pupils, so there are ten secondary clocks, with twelve-inch dials, which tell the teachers and scholars who cannot see the main clock what class in mathematics is now due to count up fractions on its fingers, or when the scholars in English grammar will write their lesson leaflets. These secondary clocks are included in the original item of \$252, as are five five-inch fire gongs, the utility of which in a school for the deaf has aroused the curiosity of some of the State departments, which fear that the precedent thus established may result in the establishment of the purchase of Meissoniers and Bouguereaus for the dormitory in the school for the blind, and standard works on the integral calculus in the school for the feeble-minded library.—*Phila Press.*

SCHANCK--LUNGWITZ.

The marriage of Henry Schanck, of Turkey, N. J., son of K. H. Schanck, of Freehold and Miss Lena Lungwitz, took place at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Herman Straub, on Brushwick avenue, Brooklyn, on Wednesday, October 20, 1897, at 5 P.M. Miss Sarah Sturmwald, of Brooklyn, was bridesmaid, and J. Jacob Alexander, of New York, was best man. The bride was dressed in a gray silk, and carried a bouquet of roses. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Thomas Gallaudet by mute language in the presence of about twenty relatives and friends. After the ceremony the evening was spent in dancing, and serving refreshments. The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Schanck started on their wedding trip to Albany, and other points. On their return they will reside on the farm at Turkey, N. J. Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Schanck and Mrs. Elizabeth Schanck, of Freehold; Ely Schanck, of New Brunswick; Julius Reiger, of New Haven, Ct.; Mrs. William Schnapp, of Evergreens, L.I., with others from Brooklyn.

Most Curious Book in the World.

The most curious book in the world is neither written nor printed. Its pages are composed of the finest quality of vellum, and the letters were with infinite pains and trouble cut out of the material with a sharp-pointed knife or blue paper, and the letters can, therefore, be read as easily as any print.

It formerly belonged to the Prince de Ligne, and is now in the library of a noble French family. The title of the book is "Liber Passionis Domini Nulla Materia Compositus;" in English, "The Book of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, in characters, without materials of composition." The matter is a homily probably composed by some monastic preacher of the Middle Ages.

A remarkable circumstance connected with this book is the fact, although it bears the royal arms of England, no mention of it can be found in any English writing. The book is believed to have been made some time in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. In 1640 the Emperor Rudolph offered for it, 11,000 ducats, which in the money of our time, would equal about \$66,000, and the offer was refused.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

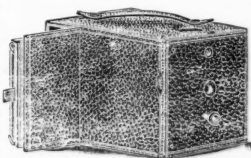
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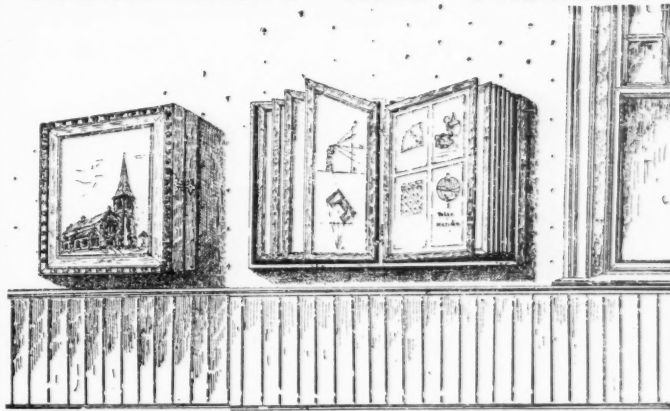
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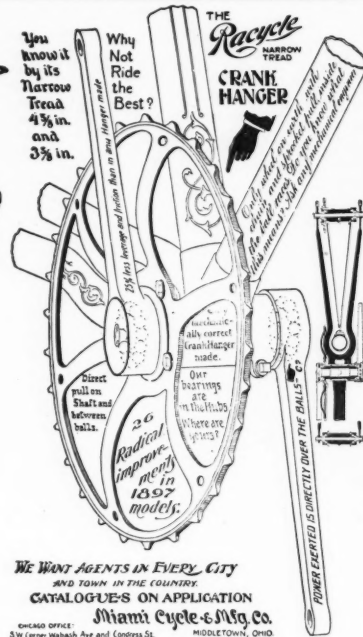
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